Seven

Past

Horizon;

Uzair

Munir

"This book is intended to inspire all the dreamers, all the composers of crooked lines and crooked words; and the rest that are trying to find their place and peace in this universe."

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We're all subconsciously enslaved by therapy, seeking it through the various means which suit us the best.

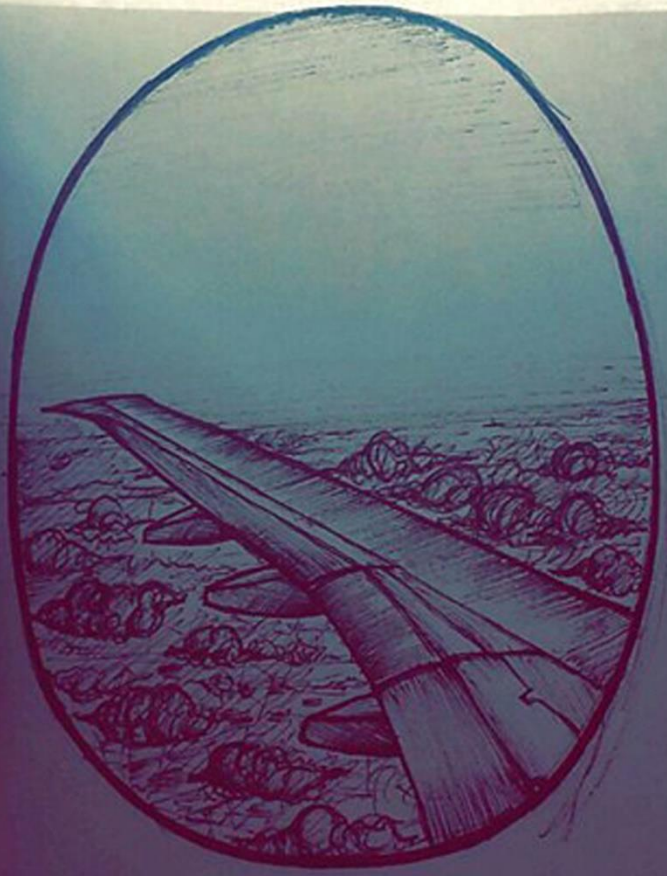
Some find therapy in profound meaningful conversations with a friend, while some with strangers. Some find it in the embrace of a loved one, a kiss perhaps, while some find therapy in solitude. Some find therapy in reading a book, while some perhaps in drinking coffee at 2 am alone in the balcony. Some find it in traveling, while some find it in counting post mid-night stars. Some find therapy in prayer to God, while some try to seek it in their wait for death.

Whatever the means, one knowingly or unknowingly chases after therapy in a simple yet hopeful attempt to feel understood – a silent cry for empathy. We get comfortable with whatever that helps us feel less alone. With whatever that makes us realize that something bigger is a part of the endeavor that we're venturing on; something that makes our soul feel more of a home in our body than at a stranger's abode. We open up to the things we feel comfortable with, and when we open up, different parts of ourselves inside us start opening these little gates and ultimately venting out emotions that we long kept bottled in. When that happens, we start unraveling the beautiful definition of ourselves and getting connected to the world in hope of living it to the best of it.

There's a reason why we get attracted to beauty in the form of nature; and art in the form of photography, paintings, writings and music. These in one way or the other make us realize how beautiful the gift of life is and that despite the inevitable death, we can manage to immortalize our love through these means. Little things that we do while not paying much attention to it can have such a huge impact in our own or someone else's life. Just like Leo Buscaglia once said: "*Too often we underestimate the power of a touch, a smile, a kind word, a listening ear, an honest compliment, or the smallest act of caring, all of which have the potential to turn a life around*."

All we have to do is get absorbed in the pursuit of therapy, conduct priming on ourselves and the others, and start unraveling the beautiful definition of ourselves.

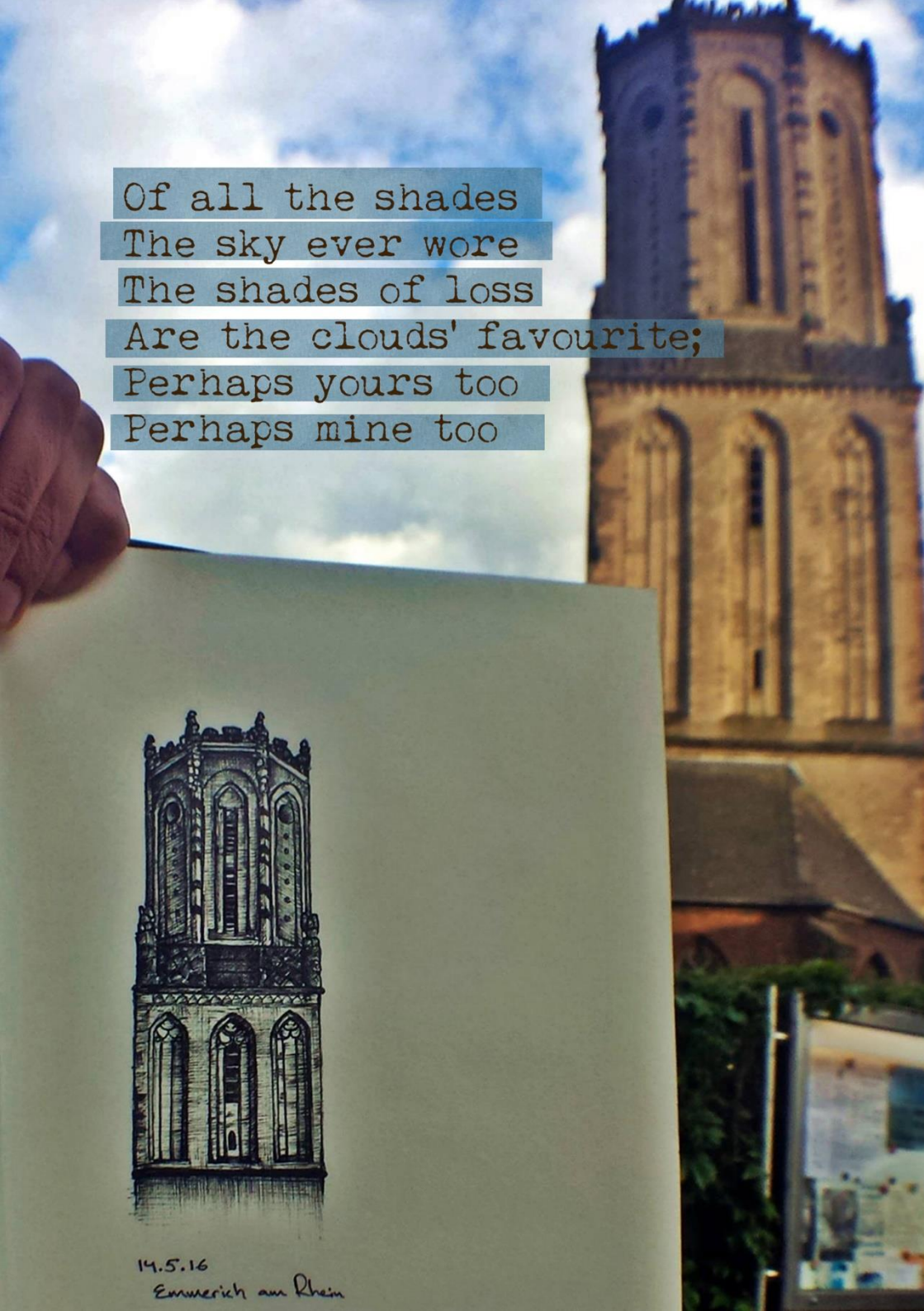
Why tie your happiness with other people when you can tie it with the skies and all the colors that it has to offer.



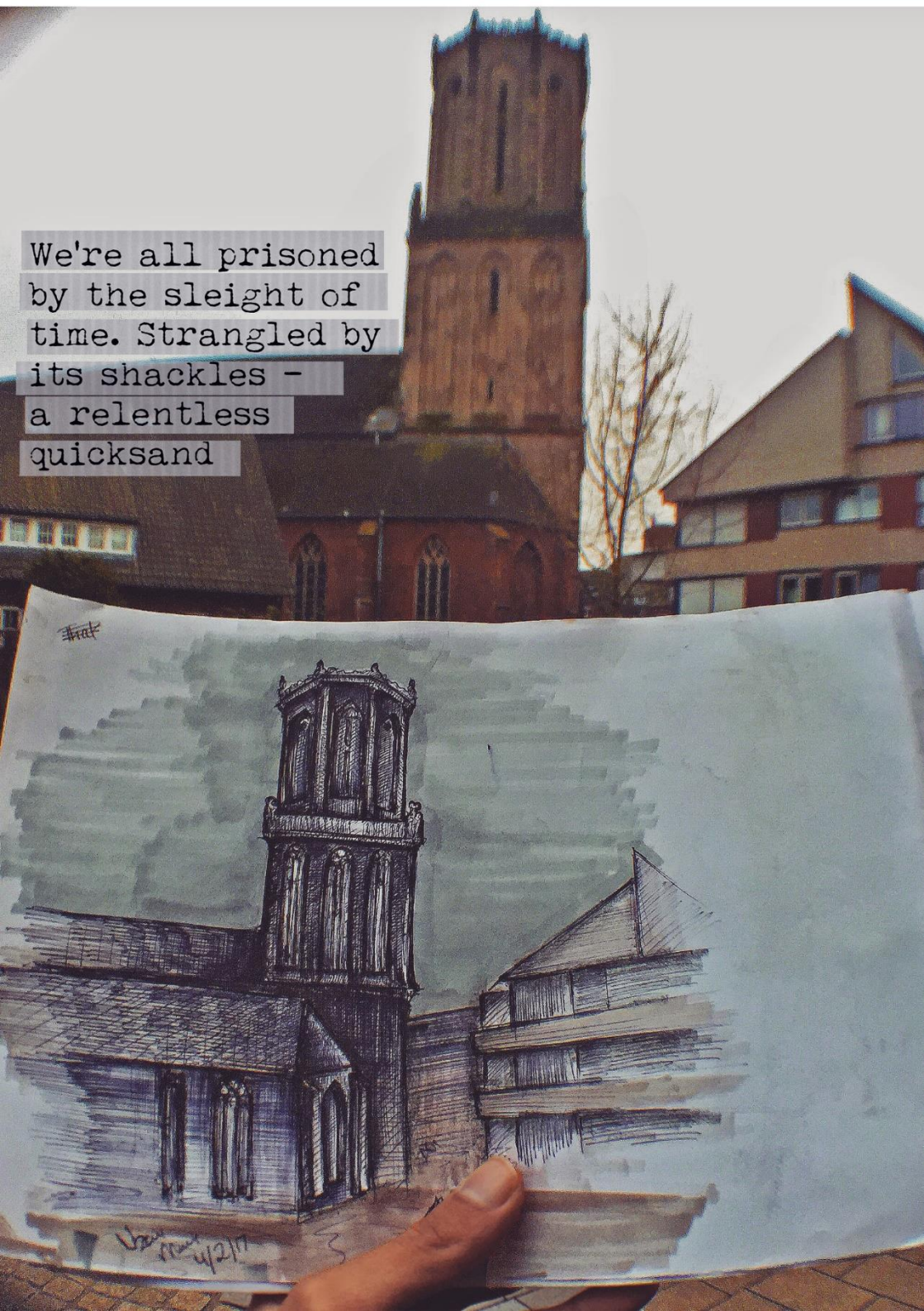
"A New Chapter"

24.Oct.2015

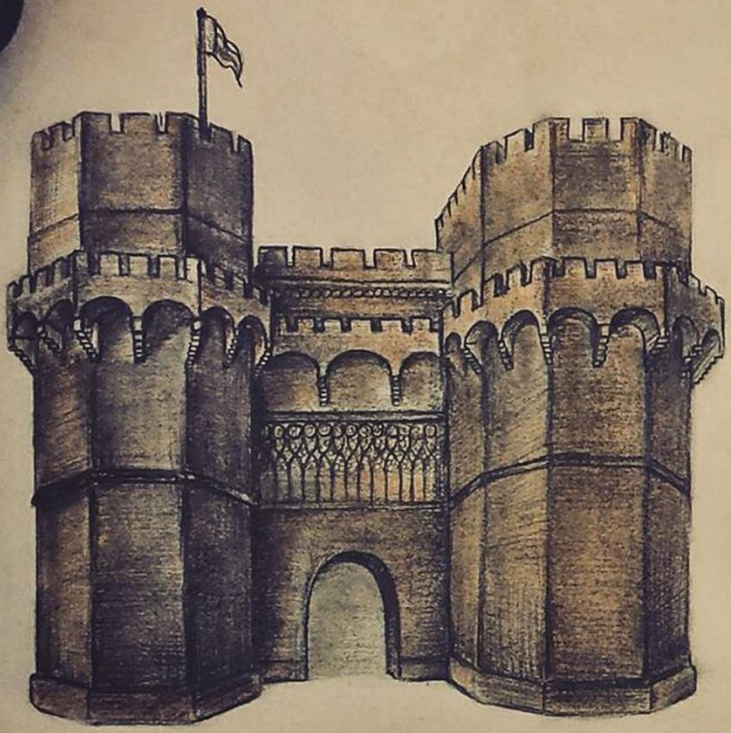
Of all the shades
The sky ever wore
The shades of loss
Are the clouds' favourite;
Perhaps yours too
Perhaps mine too



We're all prisoned by the sleight of time. Strangled by its shackles - a relentless quicksand



When nothing feels right, traveling does.
AMSTERDAM 25.3.16



Torres de Serranos,

Valencia

Uzair Munir

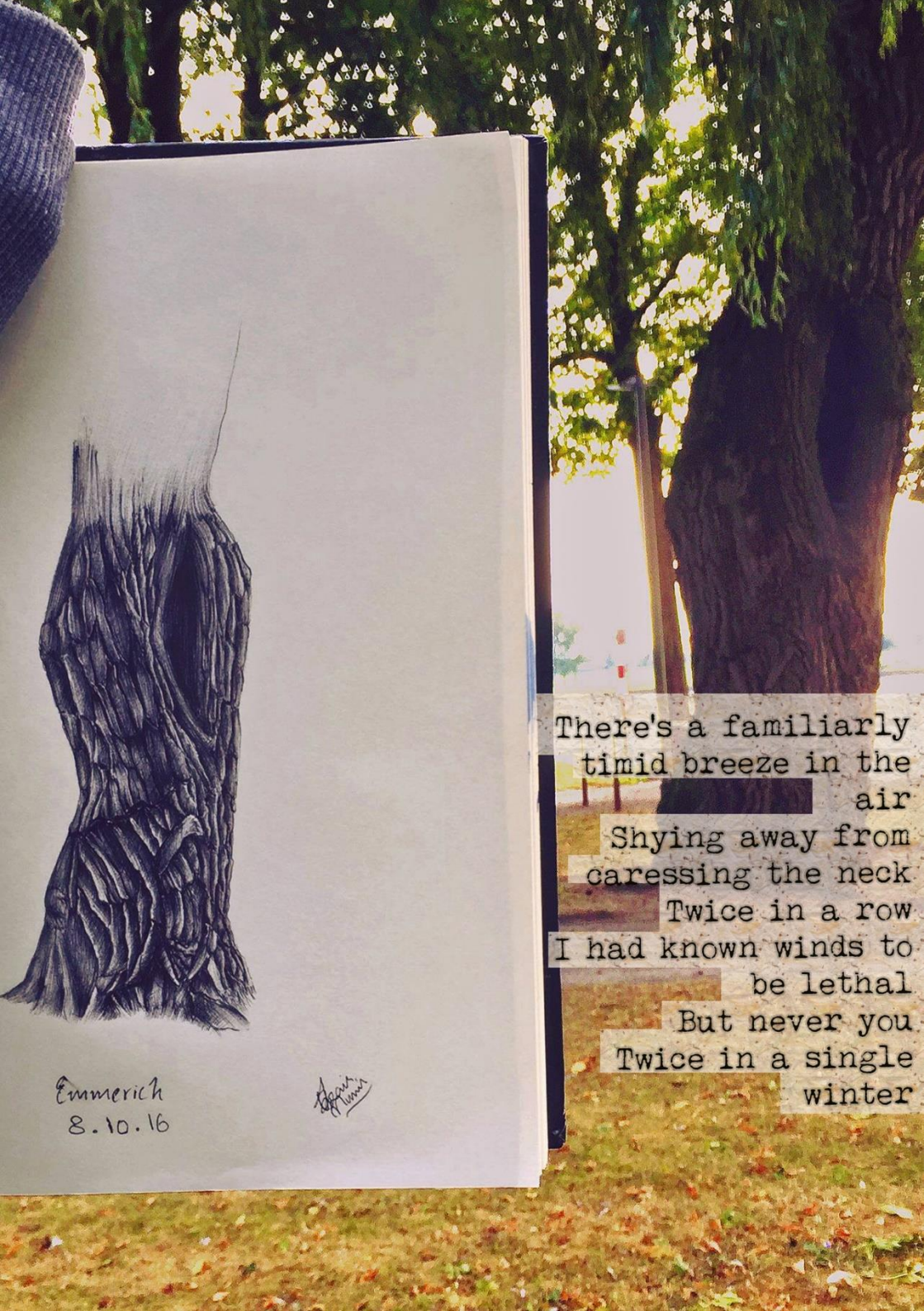
8/3/16

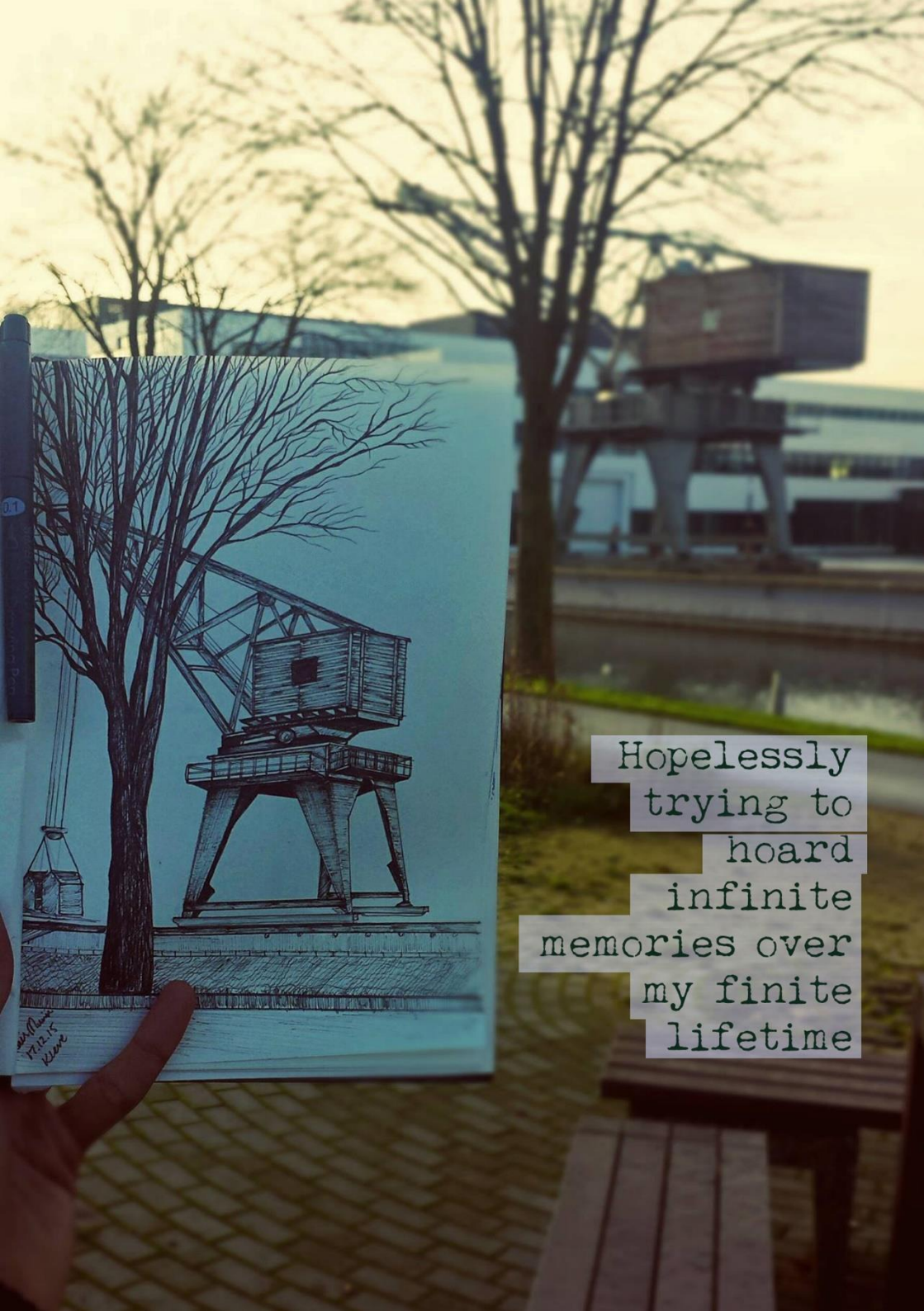
Come, by all means
O do come
But don't rain on my
parade with words
I'm sedated with a
silence
Not to be trifled with

Withering and away as Autumn floats
Profusely and upon as now winter gloats

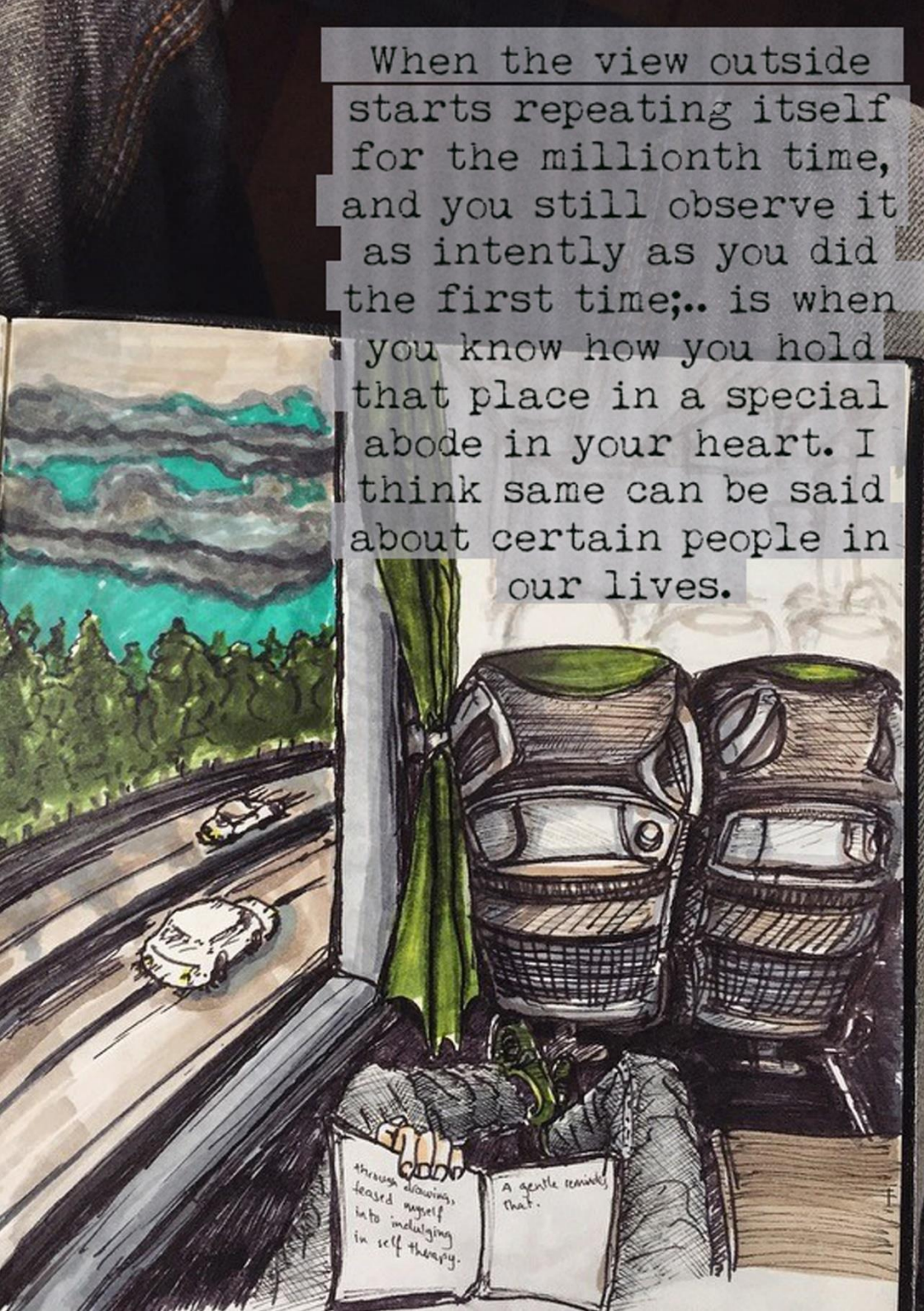
Hochschule Rheinwaal, Kleve
31st May '17

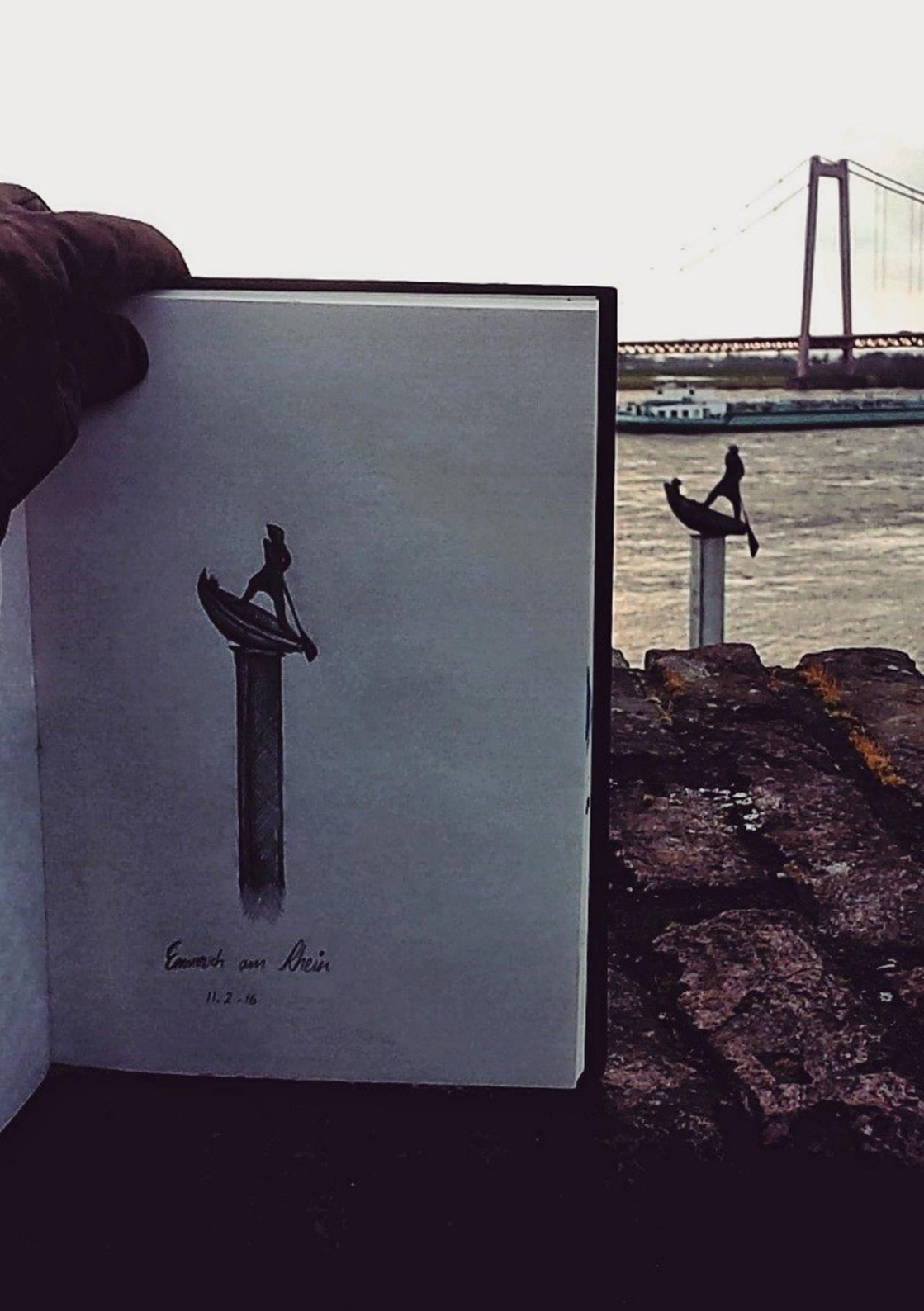
Uzair Munir

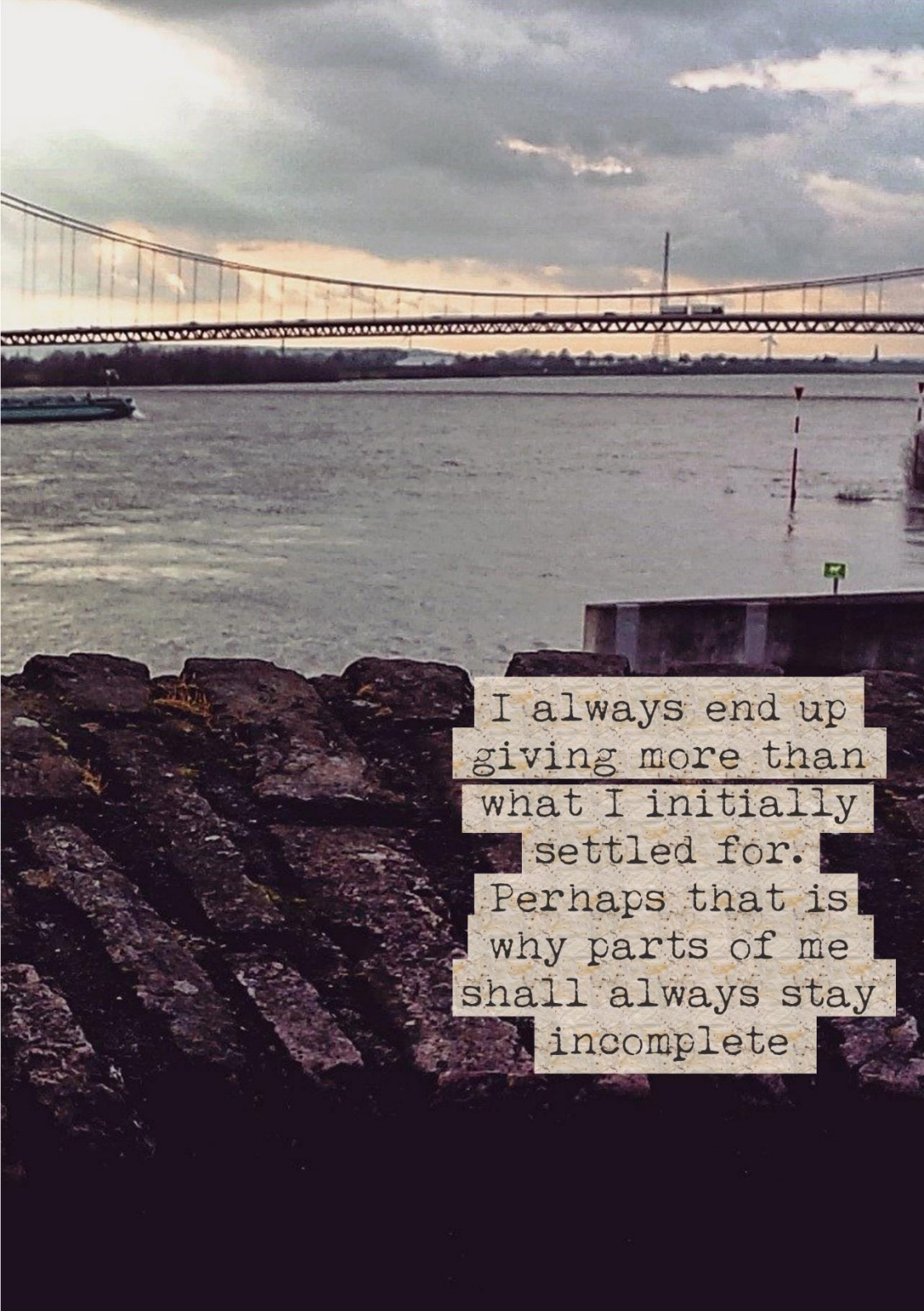

Emmerich
8.10.16
There's a familiarly
timid breeze in the
air
Shying away from
caressing the neck
Twice in a row
I had known winds to
be lethal
But never you
Twice in a single
winter


Hopelessly
trying to
hoard
infinite
memories over
my finite
lifetime

When the view outside starts repeating itself for the millionth time, and you still observe it as intently as you did the first time;.. is when you know how you hold that place in a special abode in your heart. I think same can be said about certain people in our lives.




Emmerich am Rhein
11.2.16


I always end up
giving more than
what I initially
settled for.
Perhaps that is
why parts of me
shall always stay
incomplete

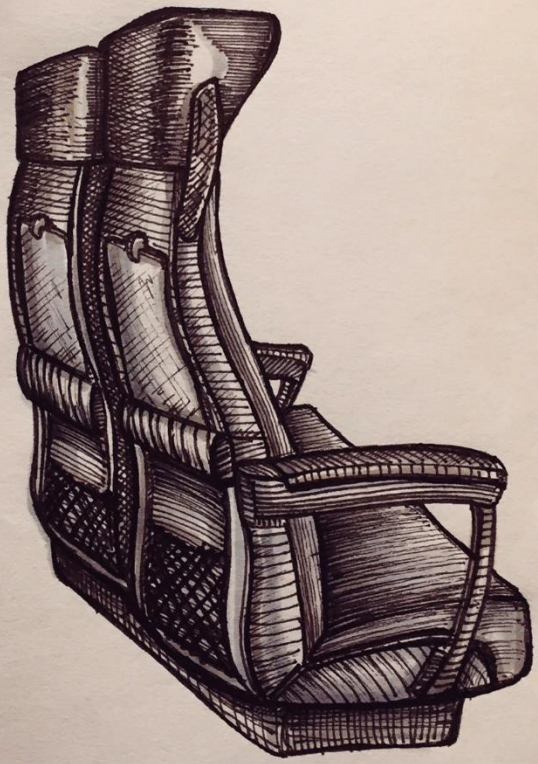
Train rides have always had this way of bringing forth every thought that you've had so vigilantly shut away in the fear of consumption by regrets; and alleviating them by telling you how every bad decisions and poor choices you made in your life in fact weren't bad, since they lead you to this moment, and that in this very moment, you're right where you're supposed to be. Even for a little while.

Oh But the undying allure of the unconsciousness!
Not the one forged of drugs and the rest that's poured down
But of all the eventful that the soul has yet to explore
Something along the lines of an unprecedented train ride around 3am
Or fleeting glimpses of nature the world has to offer
Or maybe a conversation; the profound-est of its kind

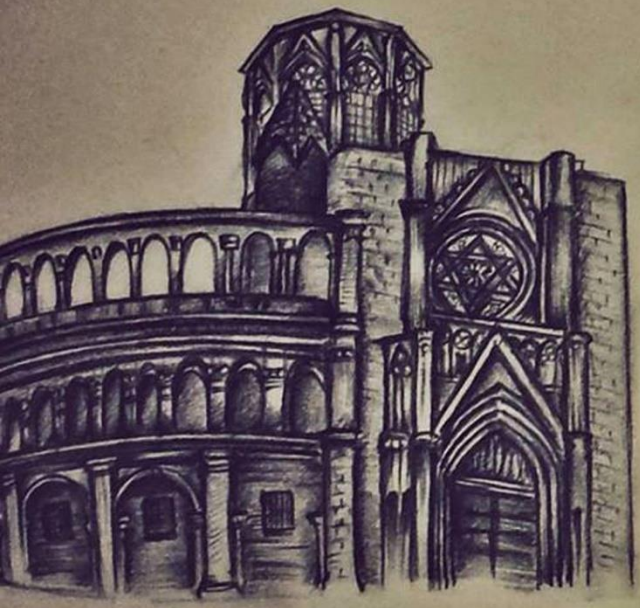
Mediocrely versed in the soulful art of disappearing; yet tethered by much more and much more

Düsseldorf Hauptbahnhof
28 June '17

I wonder what portion of our lives do we spend waiting; waiting in general, both consciously and subconsciously for someone or something to happen in our lives.

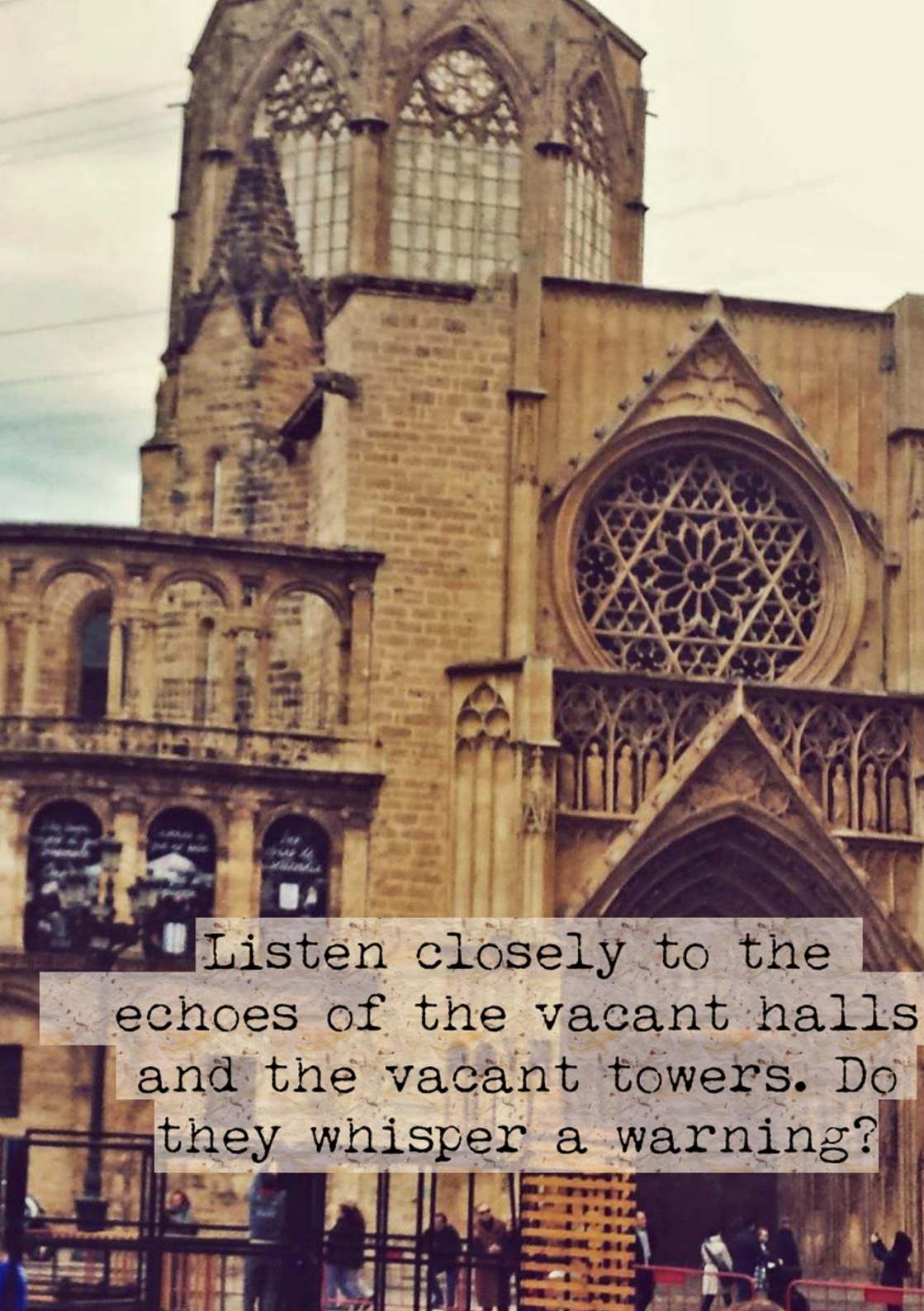


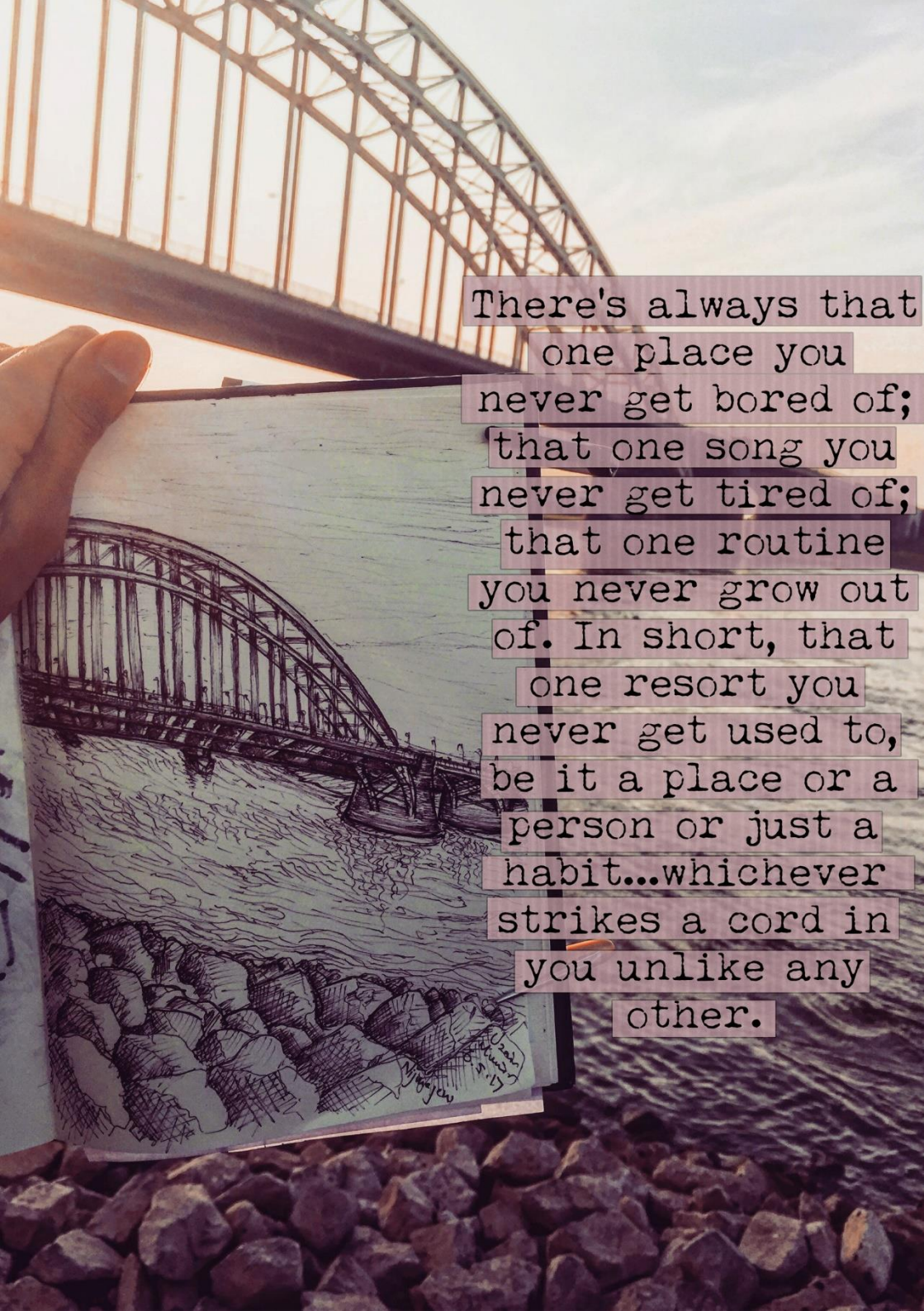
9-2-17
Uzair Munir
En Route Düsseldorf

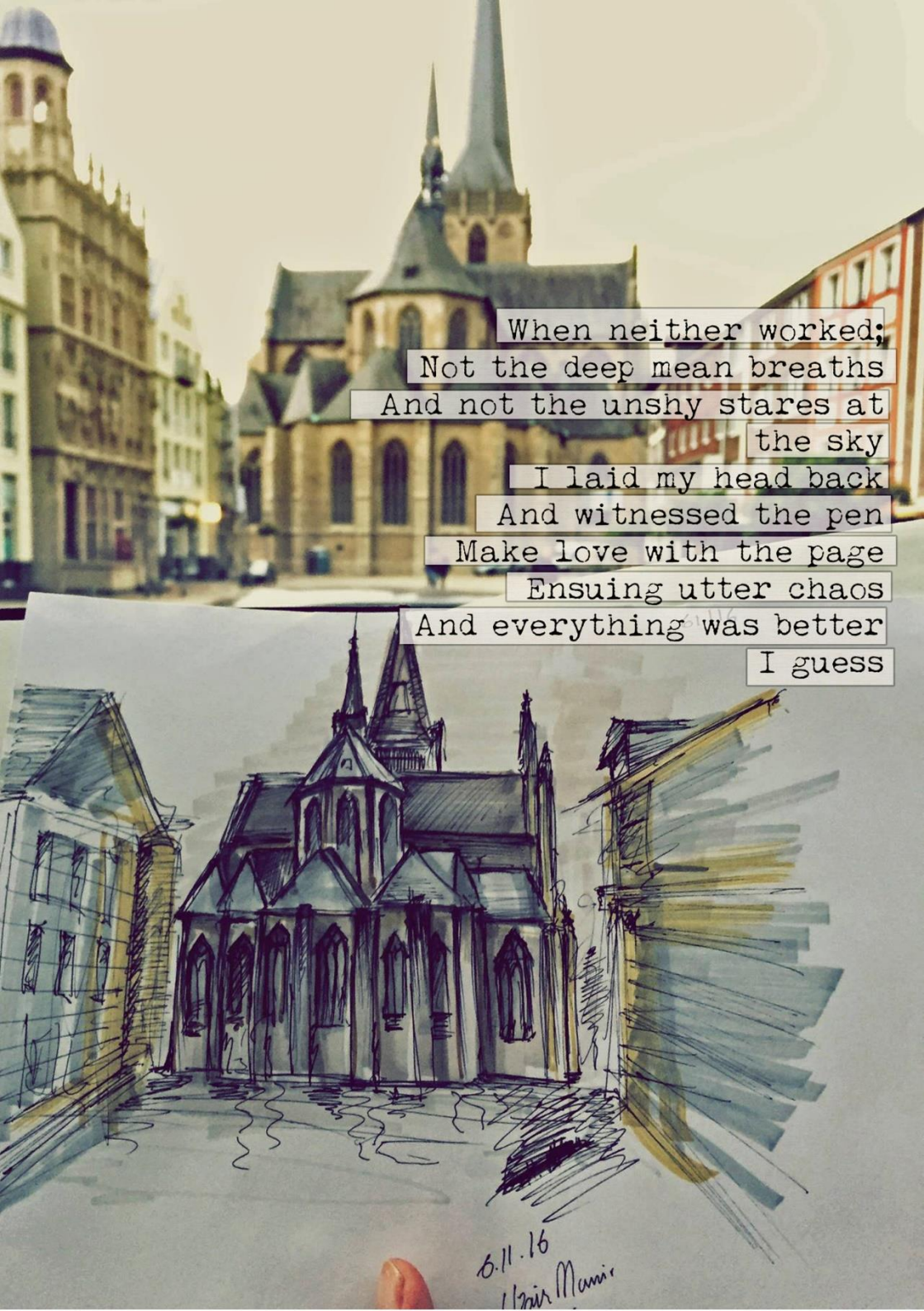


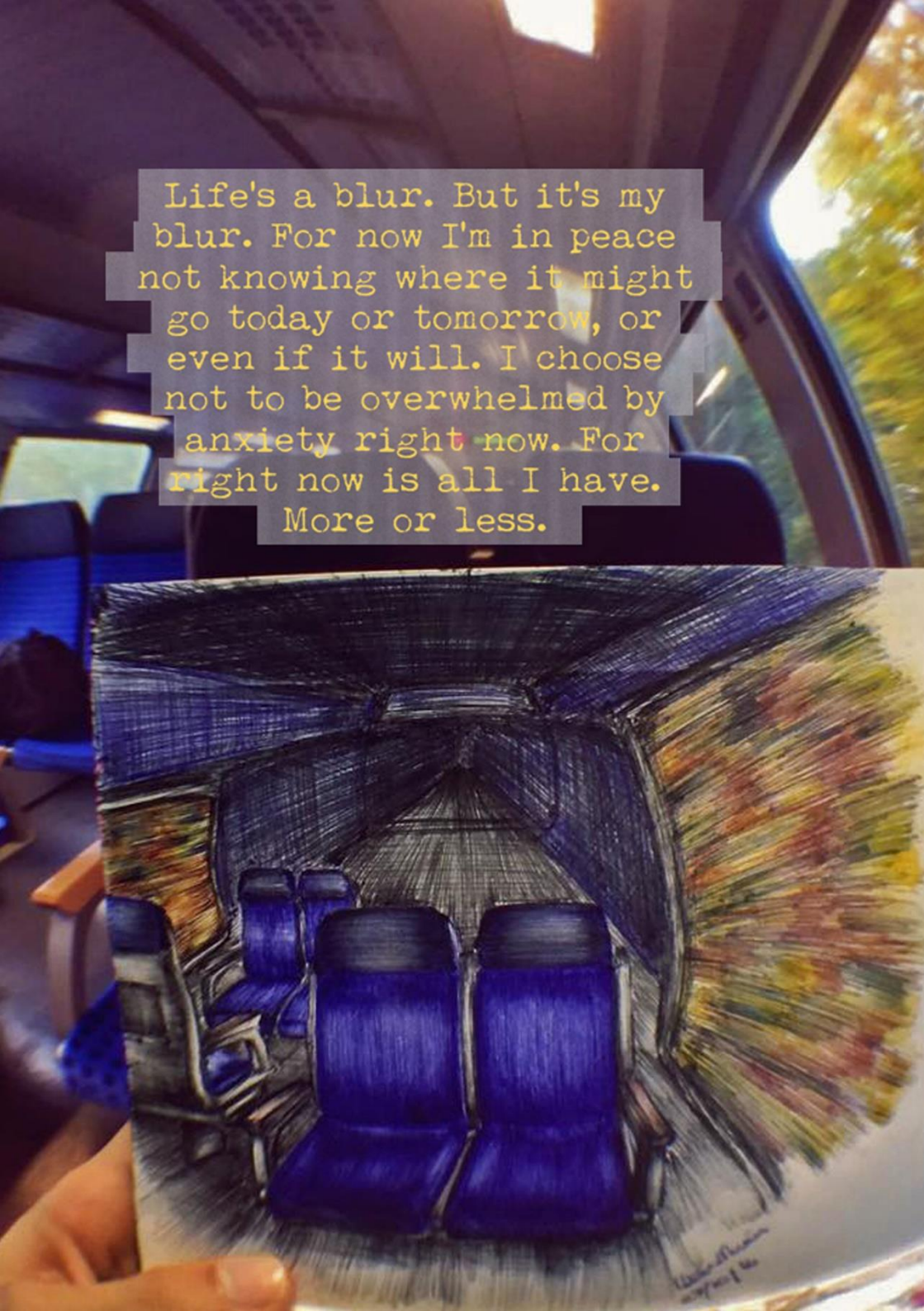
"Tribunal de les Aigües de València"

Uzair Munir 7/3/16

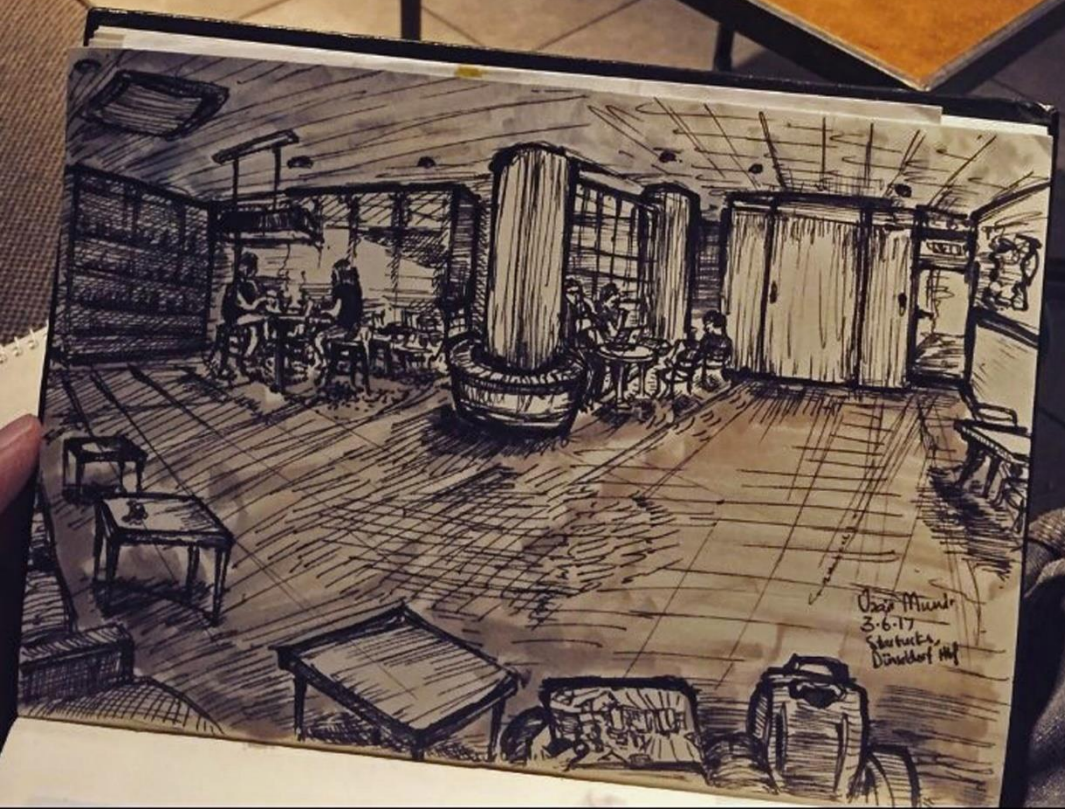

Listen closely to the
echoes of the vacant halls
and the vacant towers. Do
they whisper a warning?


There's always that one place you never get bored of; that one song you never get tired of; that one routine you never grow out of. In short, that one resort you never get used to, be it a place or a person or just a habit...whichever strikes a cord in you unlike any other.

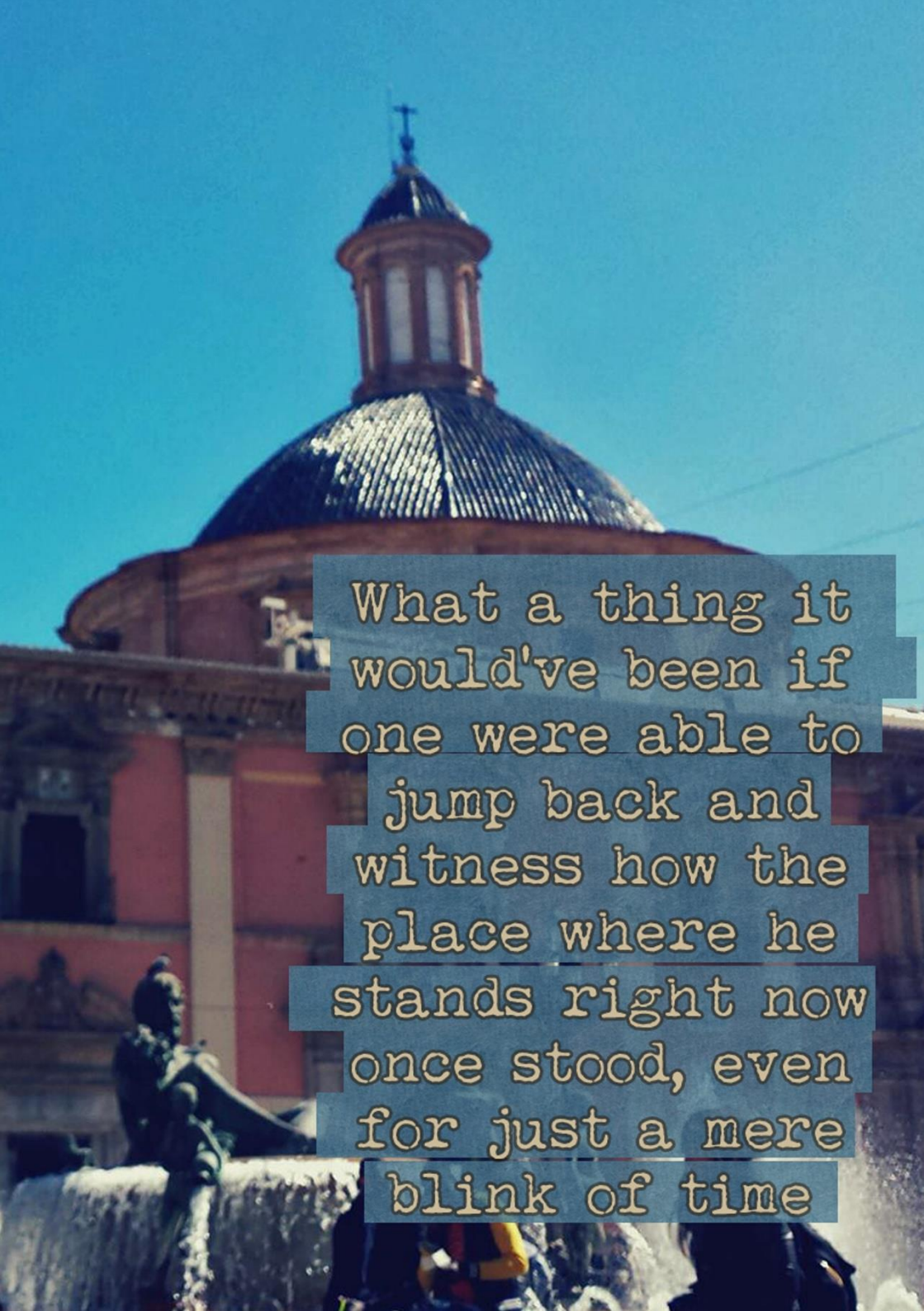

When neither worked;
Not the deep mean breaths
And not the unshy stares at
the sky
I laid my head back
And witnessed the pen
Make love with the page
Ensuing utter chaos
And everything was better
I guess
6.11.16


Life's a blur. But it's my blur. For now I'm in peace not knowing where it might go today or tomorrow, or even if it will. I choose not to be overwhelmed by anxiety right now. For right now is all I have. More or less.

those intermittent instances of clarity when everything starts making sense and it's like finally being able to see the supposedly distorted picture after putting together the missing puzzle pieces that have always been right there in front of you.

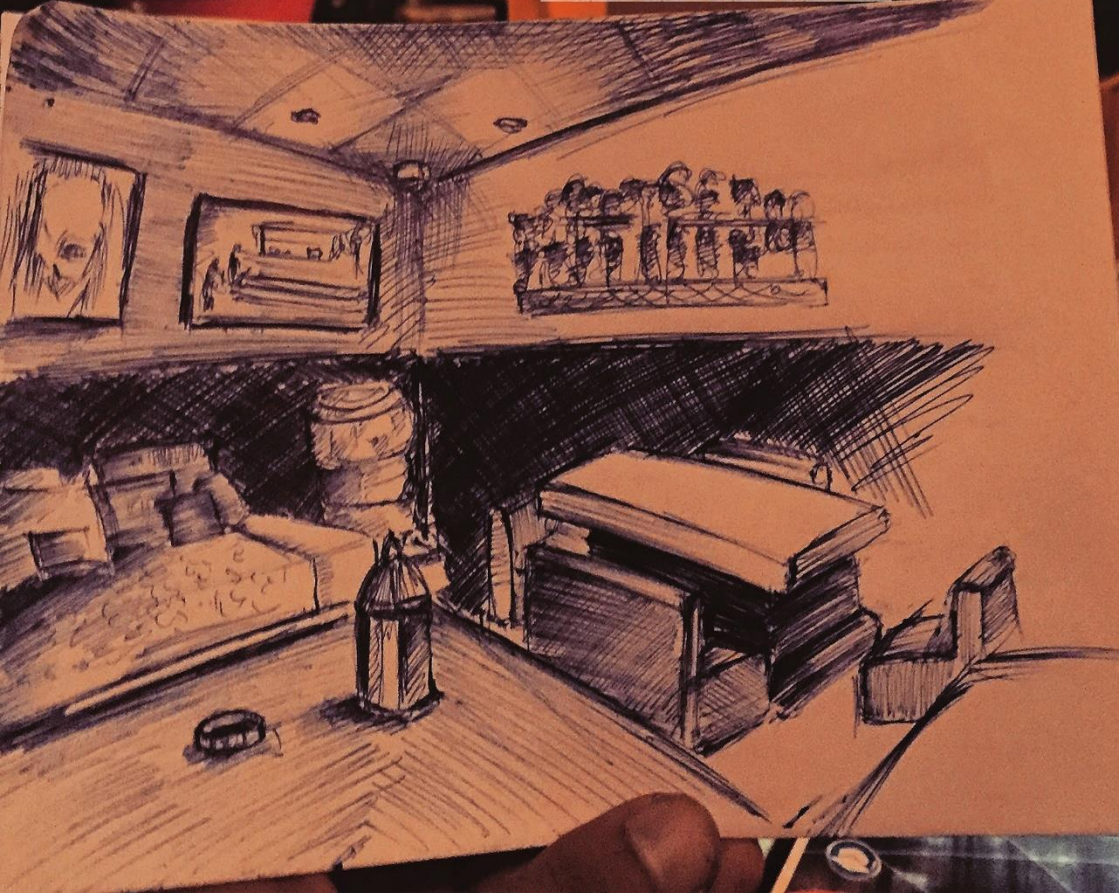


Uzán Nuria
3.3.6
Valencia.

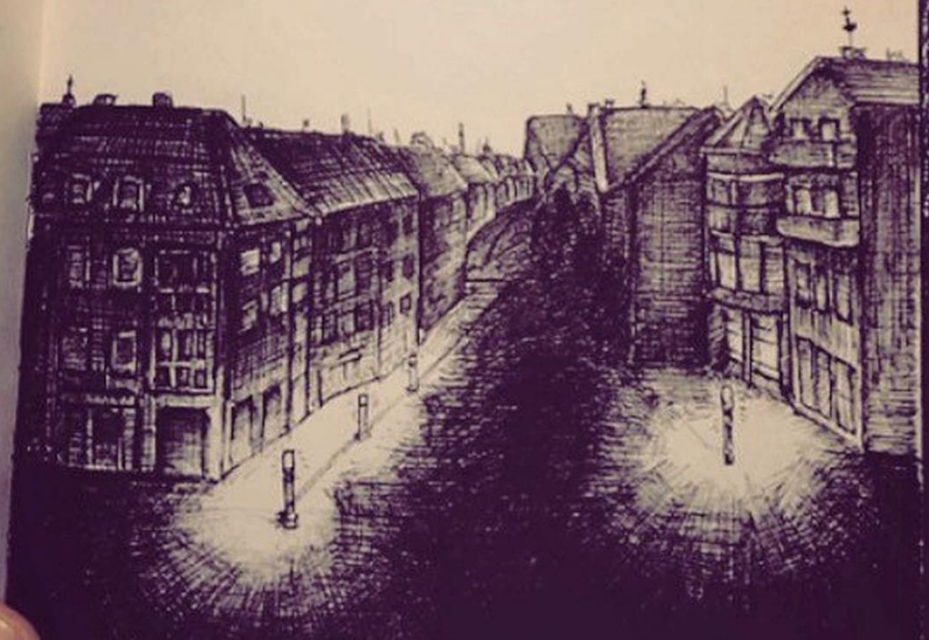

What a thing it would've been if one were able to jump back and witness how the place where he stands right now once stood, even for just a mere blink of time

how could you even begin reading some other story while your own was so desperately longing to be inked out; to be confronted for once and not pushed away into the shadow of some other story..

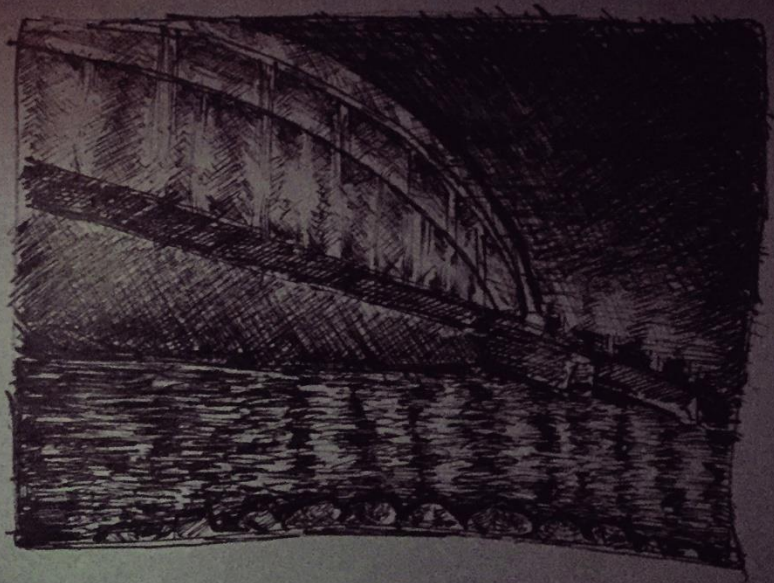
Well we are a perpetually discontent species; always wanting more for our supposedly insatiable longings



Dawn and Dusk
are just two ways of
naming the shades of loss;
One the loss of night
the other, the loss of
sense and mind



There's a stillness in the
unsettling waves,
And a silence in their
violent gush.
A pause between their
endless strikes,
And a void within its
seeming comfort.



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